

The Daily Mirror

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No. 3,858.

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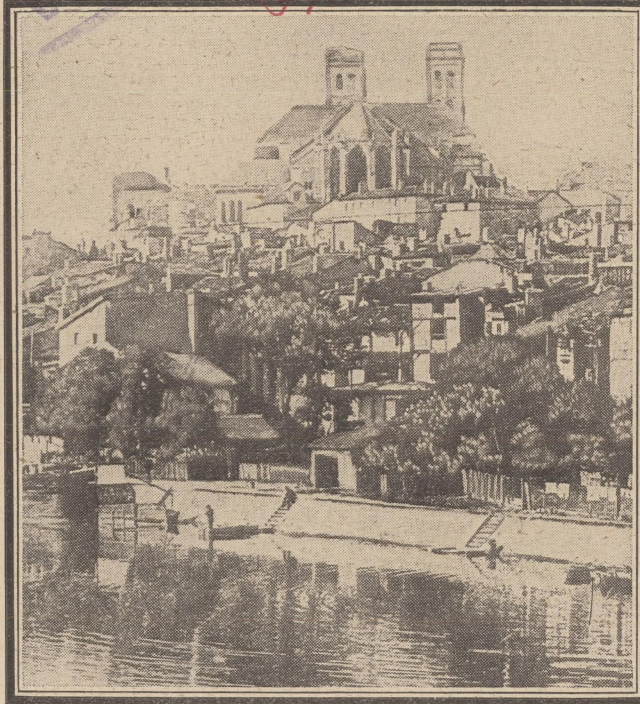
MONDAY, MARCH 6, 1916

One Halfpenny.

THE MEN WHO ARE DIRECTING ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST
BATTLES: THE FRENCH SCORE A FINE SUCCESS.



General Petain.



General view of the town, which has been evacuated by the civil population.



Graf von Haeseler.



A fort at Verdun, showing the steel cupolas. "The fortress has often been besieged, and in 1870 it capitulated in six weeks.

Field Marshal Graf von Haeseler, the eighty-year-old pupil of Moltke, is attempting, regardless of loss of life, to capture Verdun, while the defence is in the hands of General Henri Petain, who greatly distinguished himself during the retreat from

Charleroi. He is sixty years old, very modest, and beloved by his men. Good news came from the front yesterday, the Germans admitting they had evacuated trenches in the Vosges "in order to avoid unnecessary losses."

FROM TRENCHES TO ADDRESS HOUSE.

Mr. Churchill to Speak on the Naval Estimates.

OUR NEW WARSHIPS.

(By Our Parliamentary Correspondent.)
Mr. Winston Churchill's expected participation in the debate on the Naval Estimates to-morrow has excited enormous interest.

He has not been seen at Westminster since he made his sensational personal explanation on November 15 last, in the course of which, it will be remembered, he severely criticised Lord Fisher.

It may be taken for granted that the ex-Chancellor of the Duchy will have something very striking to say, and it would excite no surprise if he should have some important comments to make on aerial problems.

PROVISIONS FOR 350,000 MEN.

The Estimates will be introduced by Mr. Balfour immediately after questions to-morrow. They were issued in dummy form on Saturday, nominal sums of £1,000 being put down for each service, in lieu of discussions. A total provision of 350,000 is provided for.

Mr. Balfour will give the House assurances on the subject of the splendid state of preparedness of the Fleet and of new construction. He will not, of course, go into details.

The First Lord's extremely interesting and important speech will follow a heavy question hour. Here are some interrogatories of interest:—
On what special terms the Italian Government gave its adhesion to the agreement of the Allied Governments not to make a separate peace.

Will the Government appoint a Committee to report whether any economy would be affected by the adoption of the proposals of the Daylight Saving Bill during the war?

Are there now any unmarried men of military age and fitness in any of the Government offices whose places can be taken by men over military age or by women? And, if there are, will orders be given to have their stars removed from their names in the national register?

Does a soldier's wife who enters an infirmary or sanatorium maintained out of the rates forfeit her separation allowance, while a soldier's wife who enters a hospital does not do so? If so, what is the reason for this distinction?

Are the Government making contracts with firms partly or wholly owned by alien enemies?

MORATORIUM PROBLEM.

During the debate on the Navy Estimates Mr. Hodge will call attention to the need for provision being made for sailors discharged from or dying in the Navy as a result of diseases contracted or developed in the service or of accident.

Mr. Joseph King wants to call attention to the "wasteful use and loss of use" made by the Admiralty of merchant shipping, and Sir Thomas Esmond will raise the question of the inadequacy of the pay of midshipmen in the Navy.

It is expected that within the next few days the Moratorium Bill will be introduced.

The Government are very anxious to ease the situation of men serving with the colours whose financial obligations are heavy, and more than one scheme has been under consideration.

Rent, insurance premiums and the like constitute a heavy burden upon many men with the forces.

A general suspension of all contracts of men serving is not likely to secure parliamentary approval, but it is hoped that legislation may provide a method by which any person whose circumstances are injuriously affected may obtain a suspension of his contractual liabilities during the war.

SPECIAL CONSTABLE'S COMPLAINT.

Henry Frank Fagg, a Whistable special constable, was fined £1 at Canterbury for refusing to do duty.

To a notice from the head special constable he replied:—

"If aircraft can come and do damage and get away clear, and if a soldier with rifle and fifty rounds of ammunition cannot do any good, what on earth can we special constables do roaming around from house to house in the morning armed with a walking-stick and whistle?"

GERMANY'S FOOD RIOTS.

AMSTERDAM, March 5.—In the course of a debate in the Prussian Diet Dr. Liebknecht, the well-known Socialist, said it would be a privilege with the censorship office to prohibit the mention of trials arising out of peace demonstrations and food riots.

The results were that the population had no idea how greatly these trials had increased in number.—Reuter.

HIS LAST DIP.

Albert Crowhurst, the last of the old-fashioned dip candle makers in Sussex, died last week.

He had been employed by Messrs. J. Broad and Sons for fifty years, the firm keeping up the manufacture for old association's sake.

The industry was to have ceased, as machinery is used for the purpose.

HUSBANDS CALLED.

Notice to Eight Married Groups Raises New Problems for Tribunals.

ORPHAN OF THIRTY-FOUR!

The first call to married men has come.

From walls and boardings yesterday a dark blue poster announced to attested men in Groups 25 to 32—that is, husbands of from nineteen to twenty-six years of age—that they must join the colours on April 7 next.

This call to husbands will introduce new problems into the work of the tribunals.

In the case of the single groups men who are the sole support of widowed mothers have generally been granted temporary, if not total, exemptions.

In the case of married men nearly every one is the sole support of his wife and children, and obviously all cannot be exempt.

It will be interesting to see in what circumstances the tribunals will draw the line.

It seems to be generally agreed that the Government will shortly make a call upon another batch of married groups, and that all these groups will be up by July.

On Saturday tribunals all over the country were hard at work hearing claims from single men. Total exemptions were rare.

There was one case at Maidstone, however, where the tribunal unanimously granted a total exemption. It was in the case of a thirty-two-year-old carpenter, who for seven years had been supporting three sisters and a widowed mother.

An applicant who appeared before the Ogwen (Bangor) Tribunal pleaded, among other things, that he was an orphan. He gave his age as thirty-four, and said he had no one dependent upon him. His application was refused.

"He is sheltering under the seat to evade his responsibilities as an Englishman," said a member of the Ashby-de-la-Zouch Tribunal, referring to a man aged thirty-four, who was a Christian and objected to military service on conscientious grounds.

In reply to the chairman, he said he had only been a Christadelphian for a month, and he was the only member of his family having the belief.

CEMETERY NO LONGER.

More Attractions in London on Sunday Now Than in Victorian Era.

It was a Frenchman who said that London on a Sunday resembled a well-kept cemetery. But that was many years ago.

The Victorian Sunday was a drab and depressing institution. To-day, however, the Londoner in quest of recreation or amusement during those hours which afford him some respite from his weekly toil has no difficulty in finding it. It is true that the museums and art-galleries are closed—"for the duration of the war." But there are lectures in plenty for the more seriously minded.

For the others there are the perennial attractions of the cinema. Then there are excellent concerts, and at many of the West End restaurants special entertainments are provided for the diners.

Ways of escape from London have multiplied during the last few years. The motor-omnibus will take you to Reigate, to Epsom or to Chingford, where—if you are a lover of the country—you may, "far from the madding crowd," commune with the beauties of Nature.

If, on the other hand, the pleasures of the town present greater attractions, a National Sunday League concert at one of the big music-halls will give you all the satisfaction you require.

POWDER FACTORY BLOWN UP.

PARIS, March 5.—It has now been ascertained that twenty-two persons were killed and sixty-six wounded in the powder explosion at the Double Couronne factory at St. Denis. Seven soldiers are said to be buried under the debris.

Houses in the vicinity and others several hundred yards away had their windows broken and walls damaged by flying fragments of stone. Some passers-by were killed.

A tramway-car with thirty-two passengers was overturned, and many persons in it were injured. Where the powder factory stood only a huge crater is now visible.—Reuter.

"EUROPE'S COLLECTIVE" SUICIDE.

ROME, March 4.—The Pope has addressed a pastoral letter to the Cardinal Vicar, in which he again deplores the war, and invokes a friendly understanding.

He hopes that in place of the present mutual destruction a just and lasting peace will soon be attained, according to the dictates of justice, and setting aside pride and hatred.

He adds:—
Unfortunately our voice has not been heard. Nevertheless, we consider it as our duty again to protest against what we consider the collective suicide of the European civilised countries.—Exchange.

VALUE OF SUNDAY CINEMAS.

The closure of cinemas on Sundays is opposed by the London County Council Theatres Committee, which points out that Sunday performances are necessary for workers in these days of stress, and that prohibition would deprive charities of a valuable source of revenue.

FOLLOWED FATHER.

Youngest Soldier Fighting Is a Jewish Boy from Canada.

"THAT'S BLOOD FOR YOU."

The youngest soldier in the British and Colonial Armies is a Jew.

He is Reuben Ginsberg, between thirteen and fourteen, and he has recently been admitted to the Jewish rite of Barmitzva (confirmation) at the Ramsgate Synagogue.

The Jewish Chronicle publishes some details with regard to this youthful hero. Fifteen months ago Reuben's father joined the Canadian Contingent at Montreal.

When the father left for England Reuben determined that he should not go alone. So he saved up a few dollars, took the train to Halifax and contrived to stow himself away on the ship which was taking his father to England.

In mid-ocean the child presented himself and begged so hard to accompany his father that he was enlisted then and there as a trumpeter and regimental mascot.

When Lord Kitchener reviewed the troops on Salisbury Plain previous to their departure for the front, Reuben was brought before him, and as he was a Canadian child from "K. of K." permission was granted to the child to go to the front.

The boy appears to have made an impression on Lord Kitchener, who was heard to remark to his aide-de-camp, "That's blood for you!"

Reuben at once became the pet of the battery. On a horse and motor-cycle alike he was at home, and he often carried messages.

At length he was wounded by shrapnel at Ypres while riding his motor-cycle.

He was brought to Shorncliffe, and there he was "discovered" by the Jewish assistant-chaplain (the Rev. H. Shandel) when he recently visited the district.

UTILISE MORE WOMEN.

Government Appeal to Employers to Replace Male by Female Labour.

An appeal to employers has been issued through the combined action of the Home Office and the Ministry of Munitions.

It is signed by Mr. Herbert Samuel, Home Secretary, and Mr. Walter Runciman, President of the Board of Trade.

This document calls attention of employers to the urgent necessity of concerted action for the purpose of making good the loss of labour caused by the demand for men in the Forces. "The manufacturing industries," says the circular, "are face to face with a situation which demands prompt and vigorous action."

Men are rapidly being withdrawn—the Board of Trade returns show that a large amount of plant is already standing idle—and many complaints are being received from manufacturers that the necessary labour cannot be got.

As there is one source, and one only, from which the shortage can be made good—that is, the great body of women who are at present unemployed or engaged only in work not of an essential character.

Many of these women have worked in factories, and have already had an industrial training.

"We urge all those, therefore, who have not already done so to do two things:—

First, to make the organisation of their works in order to ascertain how it is possible by re-arrangement of work and other measures, profitably to employ, as temporary substitutes, as large a number of women workers as possible.

"And to send to the local Labour Exchange at once—and from time to time as the situation develops—particulars of their requirements for women labour, with the fullest possible details as to the classes of work, and the qualifications required."

OBJECTION TO MARRIAGE.

That his wife told him she objected to the marriage state was a statement made at Edinburgh on Saturday by Major H. G. Stirling, of Strona. Perthshire, who obtained a divorce from his wife, Isabella Kirkland, on the ground of her desertion.

The petitioner said he was married in 1903, and there was one child, born in 1904. Soon afterwards his wife told him she had lost affection for him.

She went to Fordell, and at the end of 1906 she returned her wedding ring.

A number of letters were read. In one the wife asked for her letters to be returned as they were written under violent hysterics, and added: "I was wrong to marry you."

FODDER TICKETS FOR HORSES.

ZRICH, Feb. 29.—Since the beginning of the war the municipality of Vienna has expended over £4,000,000 in buying foodstuffs for reselling to shopkeepers, and for distribution among the people.

Fodder tickets for horses, on the lines of the bread ticket system, are about to be issued in Vienna.

For stables with over twenty horses fodder will be supplied from the municipal storehouse.

Owners of smaller numbers can get it from the dealers upon production of the tickets.—Reuter.

ZEPPELIN STYLE IN PARIS COSTUMES.

Spring Surprise of Skirts Twenty Yards Round Hem.

"JUNO" WOMEN.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, March 4.—The new Paris fashions for the spring are now out.

It may be said at once that woman's form will no longer be that of a sylph, nor will the costumes to be worn in any way remind us of things military.

The surprise of the spring will be skirts measuring sixteen to twenty yards round the hem, with superadded frills and flounces that further exaggerate the silhouette.

The hips are to save the skin of the skirt, will be as bunched as possible. The skirt is draped over the hips in such a way as to form deep folds nearly a yard each in width, with the selvage lying flat across the top.

The irregularity thus caused at the hem and the "hang" of the skirt are considered to be a further attraction.

LIKE ARTIFICIAL HIPPS.

The underskirt, or "foundation," is wired or whaled to form a sort of cage that is neither a corset nor a "bustle," but a little of both. It has been christened the "Zeppelin."

An afternoon dress shown me was of black mousseline de soie, measuring eighteen yards in width, with broad panel of taffeta down the front and at the back of the skirt.

The intervening space over the hips was sewn with seven narrow frills that stopped well above the knee. Over this was a wider frill, slightly stiffened to make it stand out well from the rest of the frills.

As if this were not enough, attached to the inside lining was what looked perilously like artificial hips.

The woman of 1916 must be a Juno, and if she is not one by nature she must become one by artifice. The fastened-up high collar throws into relief the contours of the bust, therefore the line must also follow the lead indicated by the hips.

The waistline is placed so high that it nearly reaches that known as the Empire, hitherto re-

HELP THE GOVERNMENT

To carry on its economy policy by helping us to economise in paper. If you order your "Daily Mirror" in advance you will give that help.

sorted to exclusively for the short and narrow skirt.

It must not be supposed that the tailor-made costume will be exempt from these eccentricities. It, too, in a more modified form, is built upon a similar plan.

Over the hips are found folds of closely-laid pleats, and the basques of the coat, somewhat shorter than last year's, ripple out on either side in full frilly "godets."

Sometimes the skirt is longer on one side than on the other, and the basque of the jacket also follows this fantastic movement.

In justice to Parisiennes it should be said that these eccentric fashions are hardly likely to appeal to the women of the capital. Frenchwomen rarely say good-bye to old in dress, and this year they are less likely than ever to be guilty of an offence of this kind, when their husbands and brothers are at the front.

The Zeppelin costume and the bustle are probably chiefly limited for export to America and other neutral countries.

ANOTHER "LAST VOLUNTEER."

The last man to be attested under the voluntary system has been stated to be Mr. S. Salomans, of Stepney.

Members of the staff at the Recruiting Office, White City, Shepherd's Bush, W., however, write to say that Mr. Reuben Rosenthal, of St. Stephen's-road, Bayswater, arrived there at 11.58 p.m. on Wednesday last, and was sworn in at twelve midnight precisely.

"THE DEAD MAN'S HAND" EVADED.

Noticing that the train showed no signs of stopping at Gipsy Hill Station the guard of a London, Brighton and South Coast Railway electric train applied the Westinghouse brake and brought the train to a standstill.

The train was running at forty miles an hour. It was then found that the driver was missing, and search being made his body was found in a tunnel which had been passed.

At the inquest on Saturday it was stated that a wooden wedge was found in the driving compartment which apparently would throw out of gear the controlling apparatus which cut off the current in the absence of the driver.

This device was called "the dead man's hand," and had been devised so that the train would be stopped in the absence of the driver.

Blood was found outside the compartment and on the windows of the adjoining first-class carriage.

The jury found that the deceased met with his death as the result of injuries received by being struck by a passing train, but there was no evidence to show how he got out of the train.

Read "How the Moratorium Works in France," by Mlle. Claire de Pratz, on page 5.

FRENCH FORCE GERMANS TO RETREAT FROM CAPTURED TRENCHES

Our Allies Gain Success in the Vosges.

ENEMY'S ADMISSION.

Battle for Verdun Extends but New Onslaughts Fail.

MOEWE BACK IN PORT.

BEATEN BACK IN THE VOSGES.

The Germans have been forced to retreat in the Vosges. That was the welcome news from the western front yesterday. It came, moreover, as an enemy admission of defeat. The abandoned position consists of trenches near the Wood of Thiville, to the north-east of Badonviller. The latter town is nineteen miles south-east of Luneville.

These trenches were captured from the French on February 28. The German communiqué explains that the withdrawal was made before the concentrated fire of the French and in order "to avoid unnecessary losses." That, of course, is the reason for every retreat.

THE BATTLE FOR VERDUN.

The second battle for Verdun, which was centred on the village of Douaumont, is extending considerably. The Germans launched a big attack along a line running from the Bois d'Haudremont to Fort Douaumont, but though made with great violence this onslaught was repulsed by the French curtain fire and infantry fire.

The German Naval Staff announce that the Atlantic raider Moewe, which captured the Appam, has arrived at a home port, having on board four British officers and 195 other prisoners and also £50,000 worth of gold bars. By way of a triumphant climax, it is added that the Moewe laid mines to which the battleship Edward VII. "fell a victim."

GERMANS SUFFER REVERSE IN THE VOSGES.

Captured Trenches Evacuated Before Concentrated French Fire.

(GERMAN OFFICIAL.)

German Main Headquarters reported yesterday afternoon as follows:—

Western Theatre of War.—Towards the evening lively enemy artillery fire developed at several points of the front.

Between the Meuse and the Moselle the French artillery continued to be very active, and especially the region of Douaumont was at times bombarded with great violence.

No lively infantry fighting took place.

In order to avoid unnecessary losses we evacuated yesterday the trenches which we captured from the French on February 28, near the Forest of Thiville to the north-east of Badonviller, before the concentrated fire directed by the enemy against these positions.

[These trenches are in the Vosges. Badonviller is nineteen miles south-east of Luneville.]

Eastern Theatre of War.—In the neighbourhood of Illuxt an attack planned by the Russians against our positions, following on some mining operations, could not be carried out.

Advances made by enemy reconnoitring parties at other points were also repulsed.—Wireless Press.

"IT WAS TERRIBLE."

AMSTERDAM, March 5.—The *Lokale Nieuwspaper* publishes a narrative by a correspondent who on February 20 visited a well-known place in the Palatinate. He complained to his host that a dull banging disturbed his slumber. "That is gun-firing," was the reply. "We are some 125 miles from the front, but we have heard the firing now for months."

On February 22 the first wounded arrived, soldiers from Brandenburg and Silesia. They said: "Where we come from does not matter. You will soon know, but this much we can say—it was terrible."

"Our losses were moderate, especially after one of the enemy positions was captured, which gave us an opportunity for flanking fire. But the French had been terribly handled."

"The foremost trench we entered presented a gruesome picture, a flattened, battered-down mass of burning and charred posts, wires and mangled corpses."—Reuter.



FOE'S EXTENDED ATTACK FAILS AT DOUAUMONT.

Big German Effort Defeated by the French Curtain Fire.

(FRENCH OFFICIAL.)

PARIS, March 5.—This afternoon's official communiqué says:—

In Belgium, south of Lombartzyde, the operations of our artillery wrecked the enemy trenches.

In the Argonne our batteries fired numerous salvos on the enemy's trenches and communications in the district of the Haute Chevauchée and Bonremil, where a fire was started.

In the Verdun district the struggle localised to the village of Douaumont extended.

At six o'clock yesterday evening the enemy, after a violent bombardment, delivered a very vigorous attack on our lines from the Bois d'Haudremont to Fort Douaumont, which was repulsed by our curtain fire and our infantry fire.

In the course of the night the bombardment continued with some intensity along our whole front to the east of the Meuse and to the west on the Mort Homme and the Côte de l'Oie.—Reuter.

EVERY "DEVILISH TRICK" TRIED IN VAIN.

Wonderful French Dash and Resistance in Verdun Battle.

PARIS, March 5.—Throughout Saturday the battle of Verdun continued with undiminished intensity, but the day closed without any change in the respective positions of the opposing armies.

The enemy again directed his greatest efforts against the village of Douaumont, where both sides have been fighting desperately since Friday, without either being able to occupy it definitely.

According to reliable information received in Paris, the German attacks against the French positions in this sector during the day were of the most furious character, every devilish expedient being tried to break the French resistance, but nothing could overcome the wonderful dash or the stubborn endurance of the French troops.

DEFEATED EVERYWHERE

Everywhere else the enemy's operations have been defeated. The French even had a local success in Lorraine.

The situation therefore is this: The second part of the German offensive is totally different from what it was a week ago.

The only progress which the Germans made then was effected during the first two days of the attack.

Now they have made not the slightest advance during the first forty-eight hours of the resumption of activity, notwithstanding the magnitude of their effort.

Moreover, the men who took part in the first attacks and who survived them are worn out, and their fresh troops are demoralised by the sight of the mounds of corpses, numbering altogether 40,000 to 50,000 of their comrades.—Reuter.

THE MOEWE ARRIVES BACK IN GERMAN PORT.

Foe's Claim That the Edward VII. Was Sunk by Raider's Mine.

AMSTERDAM, March 5.—According to a telegram from Berlin the German Naval General Staff has issued the following announcement under yesterday's date:—

S.M.S. Moewe (Captain the Burggrave Count von und zu Dolna-Schlodien), after a successful cruise lasting several months, arrived to-day at a certain home port with four British officers, twenty-nine British marines and sailors and 166 men, crews of enemy steamers, among them 103 Indians, as prisoners and £50,000 in gold bars.

The vessel brought up the following enemy steamers, the greater part of which were sunk and a small part sent as prizes to neutral ports:—

British steamers: Corbridge (3,687 tons), Author (3,496 tons), Trader (3,608 tons), Ariadne (3,035 tons), Dromonby (3,627 tons), Farrington (3,146 tons), Clan MacTavish (5,816 tons), Appam (7,761 tons), Westham (5,300 tons), Horace (5,335 tons), Flamenco (4,620 tons), Saxon Prince (3,471 tons); the sailing-vessel Edinburgh (1,473 tons); the French steamer Maroni (5,109 tons), and the Belgian steamer Luxemburg (4,322 tons).

At several points of the enemy coast the Moewe also laid out mines, to which, among others, the battleship Edward VII. fell a victim.—Reuter.

GERMAN FLEET OUT?

ROME, March 4.—It is reported that twenty German Dreadnoughts have gone out from the port of Kiel.—Wireless Press.

A special correspondent of the *Petit Parisien*, in an account of a visit to the British Grand Fleet, states that while on board the Lion he had an interview with Admiral Beatty, who declared that he still hoped to lead his ships into battle.

"I don't think," said the admiral, "the Germans will refuse me that pleasure."

THE LION'S SIGNAL.

"Keep nearer to the enemy." That, said Mr. Filson Young, in the course of a lecture yesterday at His Majesty's Theatre on his experience with the battle cruisers in the North Sea, was the signal flying from the Lion when she was put out of action in the Dogger Bank fight in which the Blucher was sunk.

That signal, said Mr. Young, was the real motto of the Navy to-day, and emphasised in its few words the spirit which dominated it.

BAYONETS AT BITLIS.

(RUSSIAN OFFICIAL.)

PETROGRAD, March 4.—An official Note issued here to-day says:—

According to subsequent information regarding the fighting at Bitlis, our troops attacked the enemy's position without firing a shot.

The attack was made by night during a snow-storm.

Towards three o'clock in the morning a bayonet charge was made, and after a desperate resistance the Turks were forced to retire.

The position occupied by the Turkish artillery was captured after hand-to-hand fighting, in which the defenders of the position, who fought desperately, were all killed.

At this position and in the pursuit which followed we captured twenty guns of Krupp's latest type, all in good condition.

The number of prisoners has increased, the officer prisoners alone numbering forty.—Reuter.

SNOW NO LONGER WHITE.

PARIS, March 5.—The Duc de Rohan, a deputy and a captain in the Chasseurs, who was twice wounded in the Verdun fighting, has arrived in Paris.

He states that the enemy's effort is being made at a cost of fearful losses.

"The snow is no longer white. Our First Division with their bayonets simply massacred the Tontons.—Central News.

IS TURKEY ASKING FOR PEACE WITH ALLIES?

Statement That She Has Set Negotiations Afoot.

ATTEMPT ON ENVER'S LIFE

Rumours have been current lately that Turkey considers she joined the wrong side in the great European conflict. Now comes a definite statement that she is suing for peace and has sent two emissaries to Switzerland to discuss terms.

This statement receives added colour from the report of the attempted assassination of Enver Pasha, the man who led Turkey into the trouble, and also from the resignation of Marshal von der Goltz, who failed to protect Erzrum from the Russians.

ENVOYS IN SWITZERLAND.

PARIS, March 5.—To-day's review of events says, in regard to Turkey, that it is reported that peace negotiations are being considered.

A telegram from London to the *Corriere della Sera* states that Talaat Bey, acting in the name of the Committee of Union and Progress, has twice taken the initiative with a view to peace negotiations with the Allies.

Two envoys are said to have been sent to Switzerland for that purpose.—Reuter.

ATHENS, March 4.—An item of news of a most significant nature is given in information received from a private source that the Turks are removing the mines from the Dardanelles.—Reuter.

ENVER WOUNDED.

ATHENS, March 4.—Advices from a diplomatic source in Constantinople state that in an attempt on his life Enver Pasha has been wounded.

The fall of Bagdad is considered imminent.—Reuter.

ATHENS, March 4.—There is no further news regarding the report of the attempted assassination of Enver Pasha, which, if true, it is needless to say, will have most important consequences in Turkey.—Reuter.

ROME, March 4.—Marshal von der Goltz has abandoned the command of the Turkish Army in Asia Minor.

Field-Marshal von der Goltz was appointed Governor of Belgium, but was considered too lenient and gave way to Von Bissing, the murderer of Miss Cavell.

In April, 1915, he became adviser to the Sultan of Turkey and later was appointed to the command of the Turkish Army in Asia Minor.

"KITCHENER'S KITTENS" FIGHT LIKE TIGERS.

Officer's Admiration for Raw Soldiers Who Fought Like Veterans.

A British officer home on a day's leave from the front, in an interview with a Central News representative yesterday afternoon, was unreserved in his praise of "a smashing stroke" which was delivered against the Germans in the region of Ypres recently by a regiment which have ever adorned the Army.

The regiment was only sent to France within the last few months, but in a furious attack on the enemy the men fought with the dash of veterans.

"It is an honour to lead such intelligent and resourceful young soldiers," said the officer. "And it speaks splendidly for the training system which out of practically raw material has developed some of the finest fighters that have ever adorned the Army."

"There was not a man in the regiment of which I speak who had had any previous experience of soldiering, much less warfare."

"Yet when they were told to charge the enemy or 'never come back' they showed push and pluck which simply astounded the men of more famous regiments."

"I never came across such a lot of dare-devil young fellows, whose only battle cry was 'Let's get at them.' The mothers and fathers of these lads ought to be told more about their grand deeds."

"When the boys heard that they were to have their first kick at the Germans they gave a yell of delight and sang out a favourite parody, 'There'll be a hot time in Ypres to-night.'"

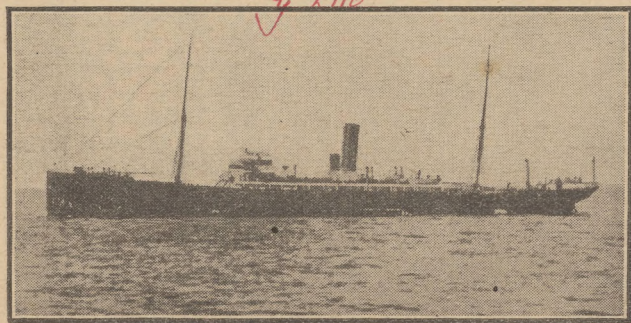
"When the word came to go, you should have seen those lads from London town."

"In an instant they were over the parapet, and it was more like a hundred yards sprint than a bombing and bayoneting attack."

"There was some deadly bayonet work, and the enemy fought to the last gasp, but down they went before our fellows."

"The trench, which was known as 'Grosvenor Square,' was recaptured, and very few of the Germans remained alive."

"This is only one instance of what 'Kitchener's Kittens' have accomplished."



The German commerce raider Moewe, which, the enemy claims, has safely reached a home port.

FROM THE BATTLEFIELDS OF FRANCE AND GALLIPOLI.



Picked up at Gallipoli, sent to Australia, and thence to England.



Found last September.



Found near Loos.



Postcard found after the advance at Loos. It bears the name of a Gateshead firm.



Picked up "somewhere in France."



Found in a "dug-out."



This was found in the pocket of an old coat.



This photograph was taken at Clacton-on-Sea.



It is signed "Teddy."

The photograph of the two small boys in uniform has travelled thousands of miles. It has only reached *The Daily Mirror* offices after being sent from Gallipoli to Perth (Australia.) Though hit by a bullet the figures are practically undamaged.

THE DAYS OF LOUIS XV.



At a parade in Paris, when the mannequins had powdered hair and wore panniers as in the days of Louis XV.

WOUNDED SOLDIER TO BOX A VICAR.



Private J. C. Dempsey (on the right), who has accepted the challenge made by the Rev. G. H. Evans to a boxing match, Dempsey, who is in a convalescent camp, is training for the fray.

HOSPITAL ROMANCE: CANADIAN WEDS NURSE.



Sergeant F. H. Hatheway, a wounded Canadian soldier, and his bride, Nurse Constance Smith, who tended him when he was a patient in a hospital at Nottingham. The wedding took place at Putney on Saturday.

WALLIS

The Mecca of the Thrifty.

Spring Sale

BEGINS TO-DAY

Are you to practice Economy? If so, buy your New Spring Dress here; Quality and Value always given.

An example of value.



Smart Hat, made of fancy blue straw, with fans of tulle round crown, finished with beads, and two ostrich tips at side. Price 2/-.

Included in the sale is the Stock of a Made and Costume Manufacturer of Hanover Square, W. without exception the finest collection of New Spring Coats and Cozzies we have ever offered.

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149, STRAND, W.C. (Opp. Gallery). Estab. 1805.
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1s. GOLD SHELL	COMPARE OUR LOW PRICES	1s. GOLD SHELL
1s. GOLD SHELL	Best 9-ct. Gold Shell Rings.	1s. GOLD SHELL
1s. GOLD SHELL	No. 141. Bracelet.	1s. GOLD SHELL
1s. GOLD SHELL	No. 141. Keeper.	1s. GOLD SHELL
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1s. GOLD SHELL	No. 108. Studs.	1s. GOLD SHELL
1s. GOLD SHELL	No. 143. Pair. All in each, post free. Satisfaction or money back. For size, cut hole in piece of card to fit finger, or write for size card and Free Catalogue of Watches, Jewellery, Rings, etc., to 70 Novelties, etc., etc. PAIN'S Presents House, 101, 103, 105, HASTINGS.	1s. GOLD SHELL

Daily Mirror

MONDAY, MARCH 6, 1916.

FORMS, FORMS, FORMS!

THIS is supposed to be predominantly a time for action; yet it may be argued that an impulse towards introspection may be encouraged by the war.

The reason briefly is that every man of military age, numberless men past military age, and also a very large number of women in this country must need now be engaged in the filling up of forms about themselves. This leads to introspection.

Forms are no doubt inevitable. They are democratic expedients. "Number the people." Number them, and get them to answer questions. Then, either give them pensions, or take them for the Army, or allot them to munitions, or put them to work on the land, or insure them, or merely register them, or tax them, or let them go.

But don't forget to make them fill up forms.

A man we know has become quite morbid through the filling up of forms since the war began.

Before the war, he says, he never thought about himself. He lacked self-consciousness. He never worried whether he was tall or short or fair or dark. He tried to forget how old he was, for he is at an age when a sensible man ceases to remember his own age. He never brooded over his own morals, or character, or intelligence, or accomplishments. He did not, as our French friends say, "listen to himself living"—*il ne s'écoutait pas vivre*. Poor man! All that was reformed (so to say) when war began.

For, first, he had to fill up a form saying who and what he was, for registration.

Then came, in the autumn, the income tax form, as usual.

That was followed by a form for a job at the War Office. Not only did he fill up this form, but three of his friends had to fill up three other forms about him, guaranteeing the colour of his hair and his age and his parents' nationality. And hardly was this over than he attested under the confusion known as the group system.

Whereupon there began an absolute orgy of forms.

The man at the attestation place filled up—he counted—four forms about himself, and he filled up one about himself. This one got astray, with the result that, on medical examination, he filled up another. A second medical examination meant two other forms. The doctors filled up presumably one, and possibly more, sitting at a long table. And there was the one to replace the blue one gone astray and the stray blue one itself, and (he seems as in a nightmare to remember) there were others.

They drove him in upon himself.

He has spent hours saying he is willing to be re-vaccinated, or confessing that he has committed no crimes, or declaring that he is not in debt, or stating that he speaks French, or denying that he knows Russian. Forms, forms! Four forms a day! Form fours all day! Forms, forms, forms!

Is he going mad?

Don't ask. He doesn't himself know. By dint of brooding over himself, he has, paradoxically, forgotten who he is—whether he's tall or fair, or British or German, or in debt or drunk, or good or bad, or sane or insane. He is henceforward simply a machine filling up forms on divers-coloured papers.

W. M.

TRUE IMMORTALITY.

Devouring Time, blunt then the lion's paws,
And make the earth devour her own sweet brood;
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,
And burn the long-lived phoenix in her blood;
Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleets,
And do what others do and need I feel;
To the world and all her fading sweets;
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime:
O, carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen;
Him in thy century's cradle to allow
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.
Yet do thy worst, old Time—despite thy wrong,
My love shall in my verse ever live young.

—SHAKESPEARE.

HOW THE MORATORIUM WORKS IN FRANCE.

WHAT THE STATE DOES FOR FIGHTING MEN.

By CLAIRE DE PRATZ.

EVER since the beginning of the war there has been a rent moratorium in France. Rent days in France throughout the country are January 15, April 15, July 15 and October 15.

This law applies to all rents over 500 francs (80s. per annum). Smaller rents are paid on the 8th of each rent month, and not the slightest extension is allowed. As soon as the mobilisation of all Frenchmen of military age had been accomplished, people began to think about the rent that was due on October 8 and 15, and public interest was widely awakened upon the

keepers, business men and professional men, such as doctors, lawyers, writers and members of artistic professions (nearly all of whom and of whatever age have gone to the front) of all kinds.

All such must make a formal and legal declaration of the facts which prevent them from paying rent at the nearest Mairie—at a special bureau provided for the purpose—and applicants must support their claims by proofs of inability to pay because of war conditions.

INSPECTION REGISTERS.

In the case of shopkeepers, employees, etc., regular registers must be offered for inspection, and letters from employers and patrons of all kinds must be shown. I believe, however, that since the early days of the rent moratorium the necessity for such proofs has been somewhat relaxed. As the Bank Moratorium also exists to a large extent, forbidding the claiming of

FALLING IN.

COMPLAINTS OF THE UNFIT WHO ARE BEING TAKEN FOR THE ARMY.

HOSPITAL FODDER.

I SHOULD like to add another example of the care the Army authorities are exercising in choosing recruits.

A certain lad joined for home defence soon after the outbreak of war, and was posted on the East Coast. Unfortunately, the lad was soon in hospital with rheumatism, and there he remained four months.

He has had rheumatic fever three times, and his life has been despaired of.

Yet he has been passed for the front, and came home on leave before going—with rheumatism still about him. He will make a splendid hospital patient when he reaches France.

F. J. V.

A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE IS SOMETIMES HARMLESS—



—As children prove when, overhearing something a grown-up says, they take for naughtiness what is often a mere nothing. Thus our baby came to imagine that "goodness" was a very bad word indeed. —(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

CERTIFICATES.

IT has been urged against many of the unfit that their rejection certificates have not been correctly drawn out, but surely this is an error of the recruiting offices and should not be brought against men who have been genuinely rejected.

A man is expected to accept the certificate given him, and is not supposed, or encouraged, to argue as to the way it is made out. CERTIFICATE.

BY A GERMAN, TOO!

I WENT into our village store, which is, of course, post office too, a couple of evenings ago.

A fond and anxious father came in to dispatch "a pair of nice comfortable boots with soft socks" to his "pore boy" who had just joined the colours, and "his feet are quite sore with marching in them heavy Army boots, and he not used to marching."

"Yes," said the sympathetic proprietor and a true pessimist, "it's too bad the war our poor soldiers are treated. To think that one brings up a family of sons to have them taken away and shot, and that by a German, not even by one of our own men!"

I wonder if he is quite original or if there are more with the same feelings on this subject?

A. H. W. P.

IN MY GARDEN.

MARCH 5.—Roses may be planted early this month during favourable weather. They should be cut back to six inches of the ground the first season. Even climbing sorts ought to be treated thus, since they will then send up fine long shoots for next year's flowering.

Rich material should be lightly dug into the surface of established rose beds and all weeds removed.

Towards the end of the month the hybrid perpetual and the hardest of the hybrid teas may be pruned. Rambler roses must be trained, and the shoots secured to supports, at once. E. F. T.

question. People began to write to the papers asking what was going to be decided.

A special law had therefore to be made. From one day to another so many of the principal breadwinners of French families had suddenly stopped work, and therefore wages! A first temporary Bill was passed so as to mitigate against urgent difficulties in early October. Since that date several other Bills have been passed strengthening the first, and though of a temporising nature these still hold good until the war is ended.

I have no official texts before me to quote from as I write, but this is practically how the rent moratorium works in all centres of France to-day.

All combatant householders are exonerated from paying rent by the mere fact that they are at the front. No formal declaration is necessary, nor even any written declaration to their landlord. The mere fact of their presence among the defenders of the country is sufficient. But the Government has been obliged to admit that other classes of householders also, besides combatants, have been severely hit by the war, which has deprived them, if not of their total incomes, at least of large and important parts of their incomes. Of these are shop-

any pre-war debts, or the raising of funds on stock, etc., it is understood that very large classes, if not all classes, of the community are affected, for even those who enjoyed independent incomes yielded by investments in securities are now deprived of almost all their dividends.

So, practically, it amounts to this: In war time almost any class of citizen can claim immunity from rent-paying.

Even landlords themselves can claim the rights of the rent moratorium, for not all landlords in France are rich. On the contrary, many a petit bourgeois and many a small shopkeeper has, so by so, amassed sufficient money to become the landlord of a single house, the rents of which are his sole means of subsistence.

After a cursory examination of proofs or declarations, the Mairie official hands each applicant a certificate proving that the bearer has presented himself at the Mairie to make his declaration of non-solvability. This must be shown to the landlord or his representative when rent is demanded.

However, should the landlord be able to prove that the applicant is in a position to pay, he can legally force him to do so. But there have

been few instances of this in France since the beginning of the war. As a whole, French householders who are non-combatants have done their utmost to pay a part of their rent, even when not able to pay the whole; for all realise that the rent eventually must be paid, even if a portion of it is entirely remitted by a law passed later, after the war. Therefore each and all do their best. Goodwill on the part of both tenants and landlords has been evident everywhere.

How this very difficult question will be finally adjusted after hostilities are over one cannot foresee just now. In 1870 there was a similar moratorium, but it never rose to the total figures that the present one will reach. The probabilities are that the poorer combatants—those privates whose total income during the war will have been 24s. per day—will be exonerated. Others will be granted exoneration or a long time limit to pay up. Governmental and local legislation will settle all these questions.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

He considered nothing done so long as anything remained to be done.—Lucan on Julius Cæsar.

"THE WOODMEN OF FRANCE" ON THE WATCH.

V.C. WHO GAVE HIS L



The end of the line in the Bois le Pretre, Argonne, which has frequently been mentioned in the official communiqués. The men have a primitive "shelter."



Lieutenant Alfred Victor Smith, with his mother and father, the V.C. for sacrificing his life for his comrades. A grenade fell upon it and was instantly killed by the explosion.



Private Charles Hull (21st Lancers), awarded the V.C. for saving the life of his officer, Captain Learoyd, whose horse had been shot. Hull took him on his own horse and galloped to safety.

SMART SPRING



A smart dress by Reville, navy blue taffeta silk, with and is for sp

FOOTBALL AND FLOODS.

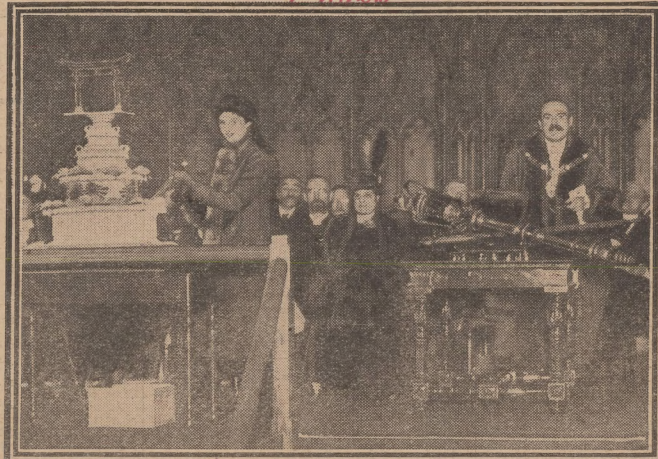


A South African uses his feet against the New Zealander.



The chief means of locomotion at Shepperton, where floods are again being experienced.

BIRTHDAY CAKE WEIGHING 112 LBS.



Miss Wakefield, daughter of the Lord Mayor, cutting the birthday cake at the meeting of the Young Helpers' British and Foreign Bible Society at the Guildhall. Her father, Sir Charles Wakefield, is also seen. This year the cake weighed 112lb.

FOR HIS COMRADES



Constable of Burnley. The heroic officer was awarded his hand, and, realising that it would go off, he flung significant act of self-sacrifice saved many lives.

FASHION.



Rosier. It is in... of check silk, year.



Private Harry Christian, who returned alone to a crater and dug out, one by one, three men and carried them to safety. This despite the fact that he had to face the greatest possible danger.

BLOWING UP OLD LIGHTERS AT KEPHALO



Like a woman's, the Navy's work is never done, and the sailors have all sorts of little odd jobs to do.—(Official photograph issued by the Press Bureau.)

REMOVING THE URGENT CASES.

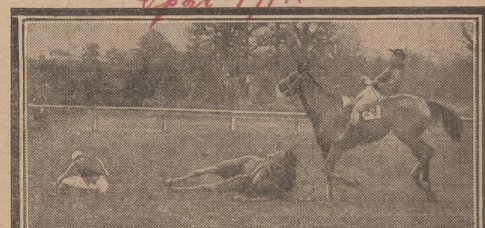


Removing wounded from the clearing hospital to the interior. They are all urgent cases, and the men will require long treatment. But modern surgery accomplishes such marvels that many of them may reasonably look forward to complete recovery.

LINGFIELD PARK 'CHASES.



A jump in the Marsh Green 'Chase. Covertcoat (x) winner.



Mint Master down. Marita, the other horse, stumbled over it and also fell.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)



Model No. 515. 2/11.

A "Twilfit" Corset is the greatest "aid to beauty" of figure that a woman could desire, and ensures any frock—from the plainest to the most elaborate—being worn with effect.

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2/11 Part Post 2d.
New Model Blouse
made from our
finest material.
Hoop, Easy
fitting, and
best finish.
Colours—
Navy, Black,
Saxe, Grey,
Ivory, Pink,
Brown, Sky.



2/11 Part Post 2d.
Overall, with long
sleeves opening in
front, full
fitting. In
plain Navy,
Butterfly,
Bea, White
or Stripes.
Also in the
Camille style
fastening at back.



5/11 Part Post 4d.
Removable Offer. Ladies' Frocks, made from good quality Delanette, in Navy ground with various spots, cut on the very latest lines. Full fitting. Worth double. Skirt lengths, 36ins., 40ins.

Pettit's
KENSINGTON



No. M.2.
Special 3/11 Part Post 5d.
Forward Spring. New pullover Models in Silk, smartly trimmed with ribbon and silk. Hosiery, Colours: Navy, Wine, Saxe, or Black. Worth much more.



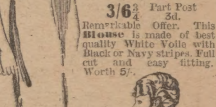
3/11 Part Post 5d.
Charming Spring Model with the most delicate edged Tulle Straw, trimmed with a pretty Straw and Fruit Poodle. Colours: Navy, Saxe, Black, Purple, Rose, Putty, White, Dark Grey or Saxe.



10/11 Part Post 1d.
Fancy Silk Vokes, White, or Plain. Worth much more.



3/6 Part Post 2d.
Removable Offer. This Blouse is made of best quality White Tulle with Black or Navy stripes. Full cut, easy fitting. Worth 5/-.



1/04 Part Post 2d.
Thin fully edged Chemise 1/04. 90ins. long. Worth much more.



4/11 Part Post 4d.
Box and 6d. 4/11 Part Post 4d.
Charming Spring Model with the most delicate edged Tulle Straw, trimmed with a pretty Straw and Fruit Poodle. Colours: Navy, Saxe, Black, Purple, Rose, Putty, White, Dark Grey or Saxe.



9/6 Part Post 1d.
Burgundy Frocks, in fine quality mercerized, smartly cut, well made and in the latest Colours: Navy, Black, Saxe, Ivory, Brown, etc. Worth mending.

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GREAT SALE OF CURTAINS

Your post-orders will receive every attention by a competent staff.

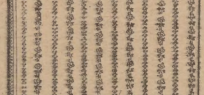


Money willingly refunded if goods are not approved.

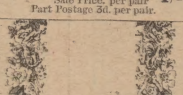
A10.—Dainty Bedroom Curtain, 5 yds. long. White or Ecru. Usual Price 3/11. Sale Price (pair) 3/-.



A12.—Madras Pencil Curtain, 35ins. wide, 32ins. long. Patent Slit Top. Cream. Usual price 1/03 per pair. Sale Price 1/3.



A13.—Trellis design Lace Curtain, 5 yds. long, 32ins. wide. White or Ecru. Usually 1/11 pair. Sale Price, per pair 4/-.



A14.—Artistic Furnishing Cretonne, 50 inches wide. In a variety of colours. Width 72d. yd. Sale Price 5/1d.



A15.—Lace Edged Allover Net, Strong Net. Dainty design. Ivory only. 54ins. wide. Usual price 1/04 yard. Sale Price 1/3.



A16.—Floral Effect Bordered Case-linen Cloth, 50ins. wide. Pink, Blue, Green, and Helle Bordered on Cream Ground. Usual price 5/1d. Sale Price 5/1d.



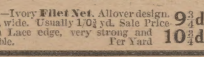
A17.—Swiss effect Case-linen Net, 24ins. wide. Usually 1/04 yd. Sale Price 8/1d.



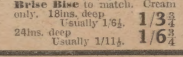
A18.—Lace Trimmed Case-linen with insertion both sides. 42ins. wide. Usual price 1/11 2/6. Sale Price 1/11 2/6.



A19.—Ivory Fillet Net, Allover design. 50ins. wide. Usually 1/04 yd. Sale Price 9/1d.



A20.—Ivory Fillet Net, Allover design. 50ins. wide. Usually 1/04 yd. Sale Price 10/1d.



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The answer will be found in the four unique Window Displays featured—This Week at—

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ADDELPHI. A New Musical Play. TONIGHT, at 8. Mats. Weds. and Sat., at 2. GODFREY TEARLE, PHYLIS DARE, W. H. BERRY. Box-offers, 10 to 10. Tel. 2045, 386 Gr.
AMBAASSADORS. "MORE," by Harry Grattan. Eves., 8.30. Matins, Thurs. and Sat., at 2.30.
APOLLO. OSCAR ASCHÉ and LILY DRAYTON in THE TAMING OF THE SHREW. TONIGHT, 2.30 and 8.15. Eves., 8.15. MATINEES: Wed. and Sat., at 2.30.
COMEDY THEATRE. Sale Leases and Manager, Arthur Chudleigh. SECOND EDITION. SHELL OUT! by Albert de Camille and Wal. Pitt. Eves., Fri. and Sat., 2.45. Phone, Gr. 3724.
CRITERION. A Little Bit of Fluff. Eves., 8.30. Mats., Weds., Thurs., Sat., at 2.30.
DALY'S. The George Edwards Production. BETTY TONIGHT, at 8. Mats., Weds., Thurs., Sat., at 2.
WINDMILL. Barthelemy Ray, F. M. Lewis, Jean de France, Donald Callaghan, and G. P. HUNTLEY.
DRURY LANE. Eves., 7.30; Mats., To-day, Wed., Thurs., Sat., 1.30. George Graves, Will Evans, Florence Smithson. (Last Week.) Smoking permitted at evening performances.
DUKE OF YORKS. TONIGHT, at 8. Mats., Weds., Thurs., and Sat., at 8.45.
JERRY. New Parts. DOROTHY YARICK, YVONNE ARNAUD, CHARLES WINDERMERE. Gaiety.—Eves., 8.0. Mats., Sat., 2.0. TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT. GEO. GROSSMITH and Gaiety Co. GLOBE.—Daily, 2.30. Eves., Weds., Fri., Sat., 8.15. Miss NOVA MANNERING in PRIDE OF MY HEART. HAYMARKET.—At 8.15. WHO IS HE? HENRY AXINLEY. Mon., Weds., Thurs., Sat., 8.30.

GARRICK. At 2.30. "TIGER'S CUB." RASH GILL and MAJOR TITHERDALE. Mats., Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 2.30; Tues., Wed., Thurs., Sat., 8.30.
HIS MAJESTY'S. Eves., 8 (for a limited number of performances). THE M.M. OF THE LAW. Preceded by one-act Comedy, DOCTOR JOHNSON. ARTHUR BOURCHIER in Both Plays. Mats., Weds., Sat., at 2.15.
LYRIC. DORIS KEANE in ROMANCE. Eves., at 8.15. Matins, Wed. and Sat., 2.30. OWEN NABBE. A. E. ANSON.
NEW. TONIGHT, at 8.30. CAROLINE, by W. Somerset Maugham. Miss Irene Vanbrugh and Mr. Dion Boucicault. Miss Lillian McCarthy and Mr. Leonard Boyne. Mats., Weds., Thurs., Sat., at 2.30.
PLAYHOUSE. At 8.40. PLEASE HELP EMILY. Miss Hestree and Gladys Cropper. Mats., Weds., Sat., 2.40.
PRINCE OF WALES' THEATRE. Every Eve., at 8. Mats., Wed., Thurs. and Sat., at 2.30. THE SILVER CRUCIFIX. PORTLAND PRICES, 5s. to 6d. Gers. 7425-3.
QUEENS. At 8.30. "THE LOVE THIEF." A Canadian Play, in 3 Acts. Mats., Thurs., Sat., 2.30. THE MAN WHO STAYED AT HOME. Every Day, at 2.30, and at 8.15, at HALF-PRICE FIVE.
ST. JAMES'S. THE BASKER, a New Comedy. By Clifford Mills. TO-DAY and DAILY, at 8.30.
THEATRE ROYAL. Eves., 8.15. Performance of "PETE," on Mon., Tues. and Wed. at 8. Wed. Mat. at 2.30. Last 6 Performances of "WILLIE MERICANT OF VESPER." Tues., Thurs. and Sat. Mat. at 2.30. Thurs., Fri. and Sat. at 8.
VAUDEVILLE. H. Grattan's Revue, "SAMPLES!" Eves., at 8.30. Mats., Weds., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Other Amusements on page 11.

READ THE OPENING CHAPTERS OF THIS SPLENDID STORY TO-DAY

ROSALIE By MARK ALLERTON

CHAPTER I. THE MEETING.

TWO Northbury Park omnibuses had swept past Rosalie Grieve, arrogantly conscious of the fact that they were full up, the conductors engaged in meditative contemplation of the evening sky. The girl glanced wistfully at a crawling taxi and decided that the fare to Northbury Park would be extravagant.

"Perhaps the third time will be lucky," she hoped, and she searched among the traffic of Piccadilly for another super Dreadnought of the highway.

A third Northbury Park omnibus bore in sight. Rosalie Grieve signalled. With a graceful sweep that was not appreciated by the driver of the crawling taxi it drew near the pavement, stopped. The friendly arm of the conductor hoisted the girl aboard.

"Room for one inside, miss," he said gallantly, adding imperiously: "Sit up on the top there!"

Rosalie Grieve decided that the third time was lucky. For a long time afterwards events shaped their course as though on purpose to prove that she was wrong.

A very small and neatly gloved hand gave the conductor furore. "A very musical voice said: 'Northbury Park, please.' A pair of very merry dark eyes flashed: 'Thank you.' And then Rosalie Grieve, as betta a very pretty girl who is aware that she has upon her the eyes of an omnibus load of people—the men admiringly, the women appraisingly—settled herself to gaze into vacancy."

A stockbroker and a modiste seated opposite came to the independent conclusion that Rosalie Grieve was not more than twenty-two, that her navy blue costume was a very fine model and must have cost a lot, that she looked a "jolly sort," that the light and shade of her expression was suggestive of the Parisienne, that he wished he knew her, that she would like to make a sketch of her hat.

Divining their conclusions, Rosalie Grieve kept her eyes on the railings of the Park, now growing indistinct in the twilight.

At Kensington the omnibus lost some of its load. Regretfully the stockbroker got out and made his way home to his large family. Rosalie was able to use her eyes more intelligently, to discover that her companions now comprised an elderly gentleman, who didn't matter, an elderly lady, who satisfied herself at intervals that she was in the right omnibus for Hammersmith, and a young man in a cap and ulster.

It was on the last of these that Rosalie's eyes rested. He was watching her, not admiringly or appraisingly, but with a kind of bland interest that was disconcerting. Rosalie flattered herself that she could avert the gaze of any man by a slight upraising of her eyebrows—a useful knack, she had often found it. This time it was not successful. It merely encouraged the man to smile, ever so slightly, as though in reply.

He was about twenty-eight. On his upper lip was a dark moustache of the kind irreverently compared to a tooth-brush. His features were regular and good. His eyes were attractive. He was, he decided, Rosalie, a soldier, only he was not smartly mooned, that Rosalie's eyes rested. His interest in her was embarrassing. Acting on an impulse she leant forward.

"I beg your pardon," she said, with a certain omnibus dress, "but do I know you?"

Now the young man leant forward. "Exactly what I was wondering myself," he said. "Do I know you? Have I met you, I mean? Of course, I know you are Mrs. Grieve."

"Of course."

"Yes, I live at Northbury Park. We all know the vicar's wife—by sight. Not all of us have had the honour of meeting her. I was just wondering—but no, it is impossible!"

"What is impossible?"

"That I can have met you. Else I should not have forgotten."

Rosalie flushed and laughed. When compliments are made by a gentleman it makes all the difference. This young man was clearly a gentleman.

"Yet I seem to know your face very well," she said. "Then her dark eyes lit up with recollection. 'Of course!' she cried; 'you are Alan Wynne.'"

"Quite right—how do you know?"

"Don't you remember? The Atelier Villorfort? But, of course, you don't. You were one of the top notchers. I was nobody in particular."

"The Atelier Villorfort! Were you there? Who were you then?"

"Rosalie Wakefield."

"Yes, yes! I now remember. Why, of course, we've met."

The young man changed his seat. He came beside Rosalie. His face was lit up with interest and delight. They shook hands. The elderly lady glanced at them and inquired hurriedly of the conductor if the omnibus had yet reached Hammersmith. It had not.

Alan Wynne talked eagerly, asking questions. "How long ago was that? Two years? Three. You were going in for etching, I remember. Of course, I remember now. What made you give it up?"

"I didn't. At least, I meant to stick to it. But my people died, and I got hard up, and I came back to London to teach."

"Yes? And did you?"

"For about a year, yes. And then I met Hugh." She laughed again.

"Hugh? Oh, yes, the vicar." The young man was suddenly solemn, almost sympathetic. She was quick to read his thoughts.

"Have you met my husband?" she demanded. "No."

"Then you must. You will like him awfully. Everybody likes Hugh."

He is a tremendously popular preacher, isn't he?"

"I don't mean that. Everybody likes Hugh because he is—well, because he is Hugh. We've been married four months," she added inconsequently.

"And how do you like being a vicar's wife?"

"I simply love being Hugh's wife," she replied frankly. "I never trouble about being a vicar's wife. What are you doing?" she added.

"Portrait painting. But I'm not doing any good at it."

"I don't believe that."

"I can show you my bank-book as proof."

"What does a bank-book know about portrait painting? Will you let me see some of your work?"

"I should be delighted. I live at 3, Maitland-villas. My studio is a shed in the garden."

"I shays come back. I live at the Vicarage, of course. You'll come and meet Hugh? I want you to. Do you ever meet any of the dear souls who were at the Atelier?"

"Never!"

"Dora Bettison, or Frank Bettison, or Madge Fairfield?"

"No! Ye gods, what memories! Dora and Frank—they had their first dinner in Paris with me."

"Really? They are my best friends."

"They are in London now?"

"But, of course. We are all dining together on Thursday. In a cheap place in Soho. It was about this very afternoon. I've been shopping with Dora. She's getting on awfully well. I say—"

"Yes?"

"Why not join us on Thursday? At Fournier's? Don't you think Dora and Frank would love to meet you again. So would Madge. Will you?"

"With pleasure."

They talked on. Memories of irresponsible Paris days came back to them. They were young when the world was very young—very young and very innocent. The conductor interrupted them.

"Northbury Park," he chanted.

They parted on the kerb.

"You really can't look in for a moment and meet Hugh? All right. Another time. Don't forget Thursday. It's awfully jolly to have met you again. Adieu!"

Rosalie Grieve waved her hand and smiled, and to Alan Wynne came swift realisation of the desirable virtues of Northbury Park as a residential suburb.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

THE Vicarage stood back from the road, a large square built house, possessed of an extensive garden at the back.

Rosalie opened the big front door with her latchkey and found herself in a pleasant hall where a cheerful fire was burning. She crossed the hall quietly, opened a door stealthily, and found herself in her husband's study. Hugh Grieve was at his desk, his back to the door.

Rosalie crept forward until she was at the back of his chair. Then she flung her arms round his neck and kissed him. He extricated himself so that he could the better return her embrace.

"One of these days, young woman!" he said, "you'll be the death of me. You gave me the fright of my life. I thought your pretty housemaid had forgotten herself."

Rosalie laughed, holding her by the arms, admiration in his gaze.

The Rev. Hugh Grieve was some ten years his wife's senior. A tall man with a scholarly stoop, with a pale, thin face and a high forehead. There was strength in his mobile mouth and broad nose; the dimple on his chin and the light in his grey eyes suggested a sense of humour. He looked a good man, a strong man, a man of high ideals and simplicity of life.

He had been at St. Luke's three years when he met Rosalie Wakefield. He had been captivated by the exuberance of her youth, by her wit, by her quiet insight into men and matters, by her adorable personality. It was he who had laid plans for future meetings. The discovery that she loved him was rapture.

Her introduction to St. Luke's caused a few people to wonder if she would be a success. She was so very young, they urged, emphasising the last word so that it became almost a term of reproach.

And so it had come about that on Sundays Rosalie sat in her pew in St. Luke's and, listening to her husband, thought him the most eloquent and the cleverest preacher she had heard, and on week-days, in the vicarage, she was certain that there was no clearer, kinder, better, sturdier man very young.

Rosalie came to her own conclusion.

"Darling Hugh knows all about men and nothing about women," it was in effect. "It is a tremendous responsibility to be the wife of a man who knows nothing about women. I am the luckiest girl in all the world."

Rosalie sat on her husband's desk and demanded an account of his doings since they had parted after lunch.

She liked Hugh's study. She found in it glimpses of himself. There were deep wicker chairs on either side of the big fireplace. Above the mantelpiece hung a wooden cross. Below was a photograph of Rosalie.

"Am I late?" asked Rosalie. "The shops are so crowded. Also the 'buses. I was on the point of taking a cab when I got a seat in one. And who should I meet in it but a man I used to know in Paris?"

Hugh Grieve looked up. "Who is he?" he asked.

Alan Wynne. He was at the Art School. He's a portrait painter now, and he lives at 3, Maitland Villas."

"Alan Wynne. I seem to have heard the name," said Grieve reflectively.

"You must meet him. He's a perfect dear." A shadow of annoyance passed over Grieve's face. He could not have justified his annoyance even to his own satisfaction. But he felt hurt by Rosalie's enthusiasm. He felt that he was exclusively entitled to it, and no other. He experienced an immediate soundly antipathetic towards this man who was, in his wife's opinion, a "perfect dear." He was ashamed of his antipathy, but he could not get rid of it.

"Is he young, old, married or single?" he asked, forcing a smile.

"Oh, single, of course, and quite young. At least, I hope he is single! I forgot to ask him. It would spoil everything to find that he is married."

"Why, pray?"

"Just because: when a man gets married you lose his friendship. His wife sees to that," and Rosalie laughed.

"I wish," she said, "that I have lost my friends since I married you."

"You're different, Hugh. And I'm different."

"I don't follow you."

"Don't you see Alan Wynne was awfully interested to hear that the Bettisons and Madge Fairfield are in London. I asked him to—"

She was interrupted by a sudden movement by her husband.

"Don't you mean now—this man Wynne," he said. "I have heard things about him—not entirely favourable."

"Hugh!" Sudden indignation leaped into the girl's eyes.

"Don't you make me. I know nothing definitely wrong against him. But his menage at Maitland Villas is, to say the least of it, unconventional. People are talking about him."

"My dear Hugh, if the Archangel Gabriel came to live at Northbury Park people would talk about him. They would say that it was quite improper for him to go about showing his wings."

"I wish you would get out of the habit of sneering at Northbury Park, Rosalie," said Hugh sharply.

"I'm not sneering at it, sweetheart. I'm only laughing at it. You've said yourself—"

"I do wish," he interrupted, "you wouldn't choose such extraordinary people for your friends. These Bettisons, now—"

"You wouldn't have me cultivate ordinary people, would you?" she teased. "Hugh, you are a cross case, dear, damned good, but you are Bettisons. Once they were very, very kind to me. I love Alan Wynne. I am quite sure that he—"

"Don't be so absurd, Rosalie. You know you don't like him."

"Well, you know what I mean. I do believe," she went close up to him, smiling roughly into his eyes, "that you are jealous. Are you?"

"Of course I'm not jealous." Hugh Grieve was angry at himself, and, like all men who feel themselves angry at themselves, vented his irritation on his companion, who happened to be his wife.

"You must never, never, never be jealous, you know," she said, shaking a pink finger at him. "You needn't be, you know. There are heaps of things I like awfully, and some I love very much; but there is only one man I adore, and he is my husband. But he must trust me—all the time, in all things, big things and small things. I have given him my whole life, my whole love. He must trust me with my friends."

She laughed again—this time with a note of constraint. Then she kissed him suddenly and ran from the room to change.

She was glad she had not told Hugh that she had asked Alan Wynne to dine with her party. She felt that somehow Hugh would object. And there was no use looking for trouble. Tact was a virtue cultivated assiduously by Rosalie Grieve.

THE FIRST CLOUD.

HUGH GRIEVE was summoned to the telephone by a ring at dinner with Rosalie.

"It was Moss," he said, on his return. "He and Lydgate want to go into the matter of the organ with me. They're coming round on Thursday evening."

"But you have got a meeting on Thursday evening, Hugh."

"That has been postponed."

"That's all right then. . . Aren't these tulips too lovely for words?"

"Exquisite. By the way, dear, it occurred to me that we might ask Moss and Lydgate to dine here informally on Thursday. They'd like to be asked, I think."

"Why, of course. If they wouldn't bore you, that is, as Cyrian Moss is such a stick."

"I can't afford to indulge in the luxury of being bored by my churchwarden," he said. "I'll drop them a note."

"Oh, I forgot," said Rosalie, quickly. "I shan't be at home on Thursday evening. Then she added, contentedly, "but the vicar's wife will! You can have a little bachelor dinner



Rosalie.

on your own. I shall arrange everything before I go."

Hugh looked across the table. "You didn't tell me you were going out on Thursday night," he said.

"Oh, surely! Didn't I, really?"

"No."

"Sorry. You said you had to be out at this meeting, and would not be able to dine here, so I fixed up with the Bettisons and Madge to dine in town. At Fournier's. Do you know Fournier's, Hugh? Such a jolly little place. And the dinner only costs half a crown. I don't know how they do it."

Hugh Grieve was silent for a moment. Perhaps he had not got over the irritation caused by his wife's enthusiasm at meeting Alan Wynne. He felt that Rosalie's place on Thursday evening was at the head of his table. He was not at all satisfied of the propriety of his wife dining at an obscure restaurant in the company of people with so little regard for the conventionalities as the Bettisons and the Fairfield girl.

"Of course," he said acidly, "if you are to be out, Moss and Dugdale can't dine here."

"Why on earth not? They've been here often before you married me."

"They would take your absence as a deliberate slight. This is their first visit since we were married."

"But you can explain the situation to them."

"They would not believe me."

"Hugh!" Rosalie affected an ecstasy of horror. "A mere churchwarden to dare to disbelieve his vicar!"

"I wish you would be serious, Rosalie," said Hugh sharply.

The laughter died from her eyes.

"Are you angry, Hugh," she asked quietly. "I am annoyed. Excusably, I hope."

"Why? Because the meeting was postponed? Because Mr. Moss and Mr. Dugdale are coming here on Thursday? Or because I am going out?"

"I don't like you dining at this place."

"It is a very nice place. And we can't afford the Carlton or Savoy."

"With these people," he added.

"Something has put you against 'these people,' as you call them. What is it, Hugh?"

"Nothing. Their ways are not my ways, and—"

"And I'm glad of it," she said quickly.

"Is that a slight on my ways?" he demanded.

"She sprang into the girl's eyes."

"How can you be so unkind, Hugh? You and Frank Bettison are as far apart as the poles. You could no more cultivate each other's ways than you could cultivate each other's clothes. It takes all sorts of people to make a world."

She paused and then went on pleadingly: "Please don't let us quarrel, Hugh. Not even the Bettisons are worth quarrelling about!"

He was penitent. The breeze—perhaps the first that had stirred their married life—might have blown away then, but the maid entered the room and checked his words of endearment. When they were alone again the subject was not reopened. But Rosalie went to bed that night conscious of a feeling of vague uneasiness. It was as though she had done wrong. But she knew she had done no wrong.

"YOU HAVE GOT TO CHOOSE."

SOMEHOW the dinner-party at Fournier's was, in Rosalie's opinion, a failure. She wondered if she had looked forward to it with overmuch eagerness. The suggestion of it had appealed to her as an opportunity to show the orderly life of the vicarage, of giving her a glimpse of the irresponsible days of the past.

In the past Fournier's half-crown dinner had been the accepted method of celebrating any delightful happening. It had been a riotous extravagance. Now it merely appeared to be a complicated but scarcely satisfactory repast, served in a room reminiscent, because of its wallpaper, of a bedroom.

True, the Bettisons were at their gayest. Madge Fairfield was almost brilliant. The arrival of Alan Wynne—Rosalie's well-guarded surprise—had the hoped-for dramatic effect. For two hours the talk was of Paris, of pictures, of people they had known. And all the time Rosalie was uncomfortable. She knew that Hugh would look askance at her noisy companions. It was unreasonable of him, of course, but—

—it was Hugh.

She wondered how long it would be before he realised that she was old enough and experienced enough to shape her conduct according to her own well-tested sense.

Wynne and she took the Northbury Park omnibus.

(Continued on page 11.)



Lord Ribblesdale.

Lord Ribblesdale's Three Hats.

I hear that it is Lord Ribblesdale's habit to have three top hats lying always ready on the table in his room! I suppose it is on the same principle as always leaving a hat at one's hatter's. His Lordship keeps himself fit by hunting, of which great sport he is an ardent devotee. He has given up his house in Greenstreet, and is now staying at the Cavendish.

Lady Gladstone's Brother.

I see that Lady Gladstone's brother, Major Paget, is still home on sick leave. The Major was badly hurt in the foot nearly a year ago now, but he hopes that the time is shortly at hand when he can join up with his regiment again, the Coldstreams.

The Navy Debate.

In one or two of the clubs during the weekend I found politicians all agog about the debate on the Navy Estimates to-morrow. It's likely to be a big day, and Mr. Balfour, I'm told, is expected to lift a corner of the naval veil in an important speech.

What Will "Winston" Say?

But "Winston" is the real centre of interest. He's on leave and looking very fit and robust after what I hear has been quite an adventurous spell at the front. He's going to intervene in the debate, and everyone is wondering what line he'll take. I don't suppose he would come from France to Westminster unless he had a special object, but there, perhaps the synchronisation of his leave with the naval debate may be just a coincidence! Still, I should hardly think so.

What He Thinks.

An acquaintance of his tells me that "Winston" has come back with quite a batch of bright stories and an equally big batch of very definite opinions about the war. I wonder if he'll ever put the stories and the opinions into a book.

Those Papers.

I hear that he's seen several of his old political friends. I wonder if he's repossessed himself of those papers that he left in the keeping of his old friend "F. E." They'll be more interesting than a book when he thinks fit to reveal something of what they contain.

The Government and Married Men.

I'm told there is likely to be a statement in Parliament this week about the Government's policy on the responsibilities of married men who are called up. Some of the broad lines have been decided upon, and I hear that Mr. Walter Long and Sir George Cave (a first-rate combination) are especially identified with the question, and are very hard at work on it.

Women Orators.

The Duchess of Marlborough, I thought, looked charming in a small grey hat and black frock the other day at her "At Home" at Sunderland House to promote the development of the Country and Colonial Training School for Ladies. The Duchess, Lady Frances Balfour and Miss Turner, of the R.H.S., all spoke.

Lady Frances.

Lady Frances Balfour's attack on the three Cabinet Ministers who went to "patter platitudes on economy" at the Guildhall—the words are Lady Frances's—is one of the most amusing things I have read. With the caustic wit of the Campbells, Lady Frances points out that two of the economy missionaries are bachelors with no understanding or knowledge of the meaning of domestic economy. One of the bachelor Ministers is, of course, Lady Frances's own brother-in-law, the First Lord of the Admiralty!

A Good Uncle.

Although Mr. Balfour is only a bachelor, he rather shines in the rôle of uncle, even to the extent of making his social debut as a dance host in honour of his young nieces.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

Enver, the Sweet-toothed.

I have always regretted that sheer bad luck prevented my meeting Enver Pasha. When at Geneva a few years ago Hilbawi Bey, a Cairo acquaintance, invited me to a dinner in Enver's honour, but a bad touch of influenza made it impossible. However, I heard much at the time of Enver from his friends. He is a real chocolate soldier—forever munching sweets, being specially fond of nougat.

The Perfect Egoist.

At the dinner in question Enver talked the whole of the evening—and always about himself. However, he has a fascinating personality, and quite easily carried off their feet the Young Turks, despite their taciturnity and grim humour. Enver married one of the Sultan's daughters. He has a strong strain of Arab blood, which probably accounts for his craftiness and courage.

"Marie" on the Green.

Miss Marie Lloyd, who seems to get younger as the years go on, is starting a special week's engagement at the Golders Green Hippodrome, where she is offering Londoners a programme of new songs. She



Miss Marie Lloyd.

is also going to show some wonderful new dresses which are likely to attract and distract all feminine London.

We Should All Work.

Lady Constance Malletson—"Miss Colette O'Neil"—who is playing Phrynette in "L'Enfant Prodigue" at the Kingsway, tells me she took up acting as a profession because she thought every human being ought to be able to earn a living. She has worked pretty hard in her profession.

Portia's Busy Day.

Miss Lillian Braithwaite will have a busy day to-day, for in the morning she will have to rehearse for her appearance at the Coliseum and in the afternoon she is due to help in an entertainment arranged by the Rev. Dr. Collinson, which will be held at Mrs. George Watts's house in Hill-street. Princess Christian is expected.

Has it?

I met Mr. Joseph Pennell, the famous artist, who has an exhibition at the Leicester Galleries, in the Adelphi, where he has a flat. He was in Germany just before war broke out. The war depresses him sadly, but a grim smile came to his face when he remarked that the war had killed socialism. I wonder what his neighbour, Mr. G. B. Shaw, would say to that.

Munich's Economy.

I took a taxicab instead of the humble omnibus yesterday morning. Why? I wanted to get a bit even with the Germans. I have tried all sorts of economical wheezes, but gave them up, for the time being, when I heard that Munich has just bought a collection of old masters for which £150,000 has been paid.

Rubs It In.

I saw Lady Edmund Talbot, Lady O'Connor, the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott and Lady Mary Howard, sister of the Duke of Norfolk, at the concert in aid of the Catholic Soldiers' Association at the Æolian Hall. Father Bernard Vaughan told me afterwards that he does not think we people at home realise the war yet, so he rubs it in on every occasion.

A Great Beauty.

I caught sight of the beautiful Miss Muriel Wilson near Park Lane the other day. She was apparently on her way to Dorchester House, where her sister, Lady Holford, has established a hospital. Miss Wilson works very hard there, and she has thrown herself heart and soul into the work, as she does into everything.

"Rosalie."

I take it that you have already read the opening chapters of "Rosalie" on page 9, and I also take it that you are not disappointed. It is an unusual type of story, and Rosalie is an unusual type of heroine. Mr. Allerton has accomplished the difficult feat of giving her both brains and compelling feminine charm. She is a most womanly and capable heroine.

Jolly Jim.

If you live anywhere near Dulwich you will have heard of Jolly Jim, the burglar humorist whose messages to his victims are being quoted everywhere in that neighbourhood. He is a criminal of the sort dear to the heart of the novelist, for though he does not disdain plunder, the inducement of burglary appears to be the neat and appropriate message he leaves behind.

A Mean Revenge.

Last Thursday he entered a house, and was disappointed in finding all the valuables locked away so safely that he could not get at them. He ventured into the owner's bedroom, and, finding an alarm clock there set at 6.30, altered it to 3.30, and scribbled his customary note. "I have lost a night's rest for nothing, so I'm spoiling yours as well, Jolly Jim."

A John Portrait.

Londoners will soon have an opportunity of seeing Mr. Augustus John's now famous portrait of Mr. Lloyd George. I am told that it will be shown at the exhibition of Mr. John's works at the Chénie Gallery, Chelsea, within the next few days.



Miss Eve Balfour.

Eve on the Film.

This is the latest photograph of Miss Eve Balfour, the beautiful actress who has just figured as the heroine in the new successful cinema drama, "Burnt Wings," adapted from the celebrated novel by Mrs. Stanley Wrench, which will shortly be seen at the leading picture houses throughout the country. Miss Balfour was recently appearing with Mr. Dennis Eadie and Miss Gladys Cooper at the Royalty, and also played for some time with Sir Herbert Tree at His Majesty's.

Many a Concert.

What a concert day it is to-day, for I believe the Countess of Gosford and her Ladyship of Cromer are expecting the Duchess of Teck at the prisoners of war jollification at Mrs. R. G. Edwards's house in Cavendish-square. The particular prisoners who are to benefit are those of the Middlesex Regiment.

Miss Franklin.

I hear that Miss Franklin (who is Mr. Herbert Samuel's niece) has just completed a wonderful statue symbolic of the war. Miss Franklin is head of the maternity unit which is going out to Russia.

Confidence Men.

A day or two ago I met a well-known detective who told me that gangs of confidence tricksters were on the warpath again. What has made them busy again after a spell of comparative quiet I don't know.

THE RAMBLER.

Fashion Week in Gowns and Tailor Mades at DERRY & TOMS

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OUR Costume Showroom is now one of the most spacious and most perfectly equipped in London; and there is no dearth of quick, intelligent assistants competent to give advice upon Gowns and Costumes for all occasions.

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The "Warrell."

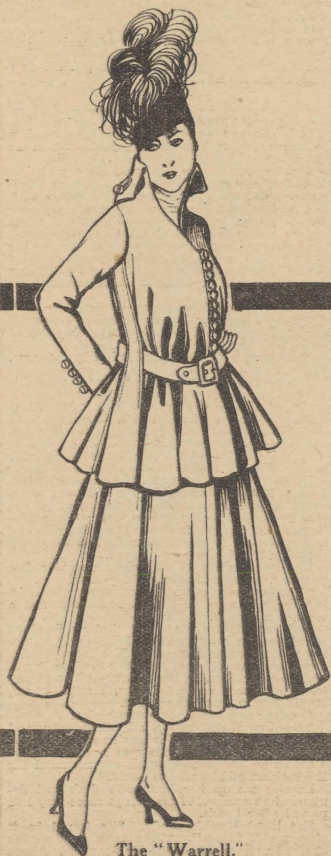
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For 7s extra we will make this garment to special measurements. Customers desirous of obtaining perfect fit can have this assured by supplying us with own well-fitting garment as a pattern.



The "Warrell."

Turn to Page 9 for the Opening Chapters.

ROSALIE

(Continued from page 9.)

hus home. They parted at the vicarage gate. She did not look back. In her mood she did not wish him to meet Hugh. Hugh would wonder why she had not mentioned that he was to be one of the party.

She found Hugh alone and at his desk. Even the fact that he was at work seemed to reproach her. She affected a gaiety.

"Still at work!" she cried. "Have your guests deserted you?"

"They left only a few minutes ago. Have you had a good evening, Rosalie?" he asked, kissing her.

"Pretty fair. But I wish you had been there. Was the dinner all right?"

"Quite all right."

"And did you talk about the organ all the time?"

"No. Part of the time we gossip. By the way, Rosalie!" He paused and stirred uneasily in his chair.

"Yes!" She divined that he had something to say which was distasteful to him.

"Moss was telling me about that fellow Wynne."

"He paused again. Rosalie did not speak. She contemplated herself with a slight up-raising of her eyebrows.

"Old Crosfield was in the omnibus with you and him. He has been spreading it round."

"Spreading what round?"

"Rosalie!"—Hugh Grieve spoke with obvious embarrassment—"it's a good long time since you knew this man in Paris. He may have changed. At any rate, if all they say is true, he isn't the sort of man you can know."

"Perhaps all they say is not true. Perhaps none of it is true. In any case—"

"Don't be angry with me, Rosalie. I must warn you when I see the necessity. It wouldn't do for you to know Wynne. Tongues would be wagging to the dozen if you were to be seen with him. He ought to have known that. It was very indiscreet of him to have claimed acquaintance with you."

"He didn't. It was I who claimed acquaintance with him. I spoke to him first."

"Rosalie!" Hugh Grieve made a gesture of despair. "What makes you do such extraordinary things?"

"I don't care that a bit extraordinary!" cried Rosalie, amazed. "I think it would have been highly extraordinary if I hadn't spoken to him."

"But Wynne is—!" The vicar broke off.

"Well, what is he? A criminal? A libertine? Or just an idiot?"

"He is—peculiar. He owes a lot of money to tradespeople."

"That isn't peculiar. It is most ordinary," laughed Rosalie.

"The people who live in the next house to the one in which my lodges have had to complain. He has riotous parties that last till dawn. All sorts of queer people attend them."

"Northbury Park thinks them queer. Is that it?"

LOVE ME FOR EVER

CHAPTER LAST.

IT seemed an eternity to Olive before Dick returned. An eternity in which she lived the past over again—that life which had had its beginning on the night when Rupert Heathcote had yielded to the witchery of a June night and kissed her, here in this old garden that stretched before her eyes.

And now in a few moments she must see him, this man she had loved with a girl's passion, whom she had mourned as dead—whose death had come to her as a relief.

What would he have to say to her, this broken man who had only discovered his love for her when she had acquired the value of being another man's wife?

The door opened suddenly and Dick came in. He was alone, his face was pale, but his eyes were shining.

He came up to his wife and took her in his arms.

"I've seen the boy, Olive. He's very sick—but he's going to be a whole man yet. Whole in mind and body, dear. And we have got to bid him love us forever—you and I."

He could feel her tremble as she rested there in the circle of his arms.

"Dick—I cannot tell you how I dread—"

"I know," he smiled. "I wish I understood." "The best get it over. Let me take you to him now. He is longing to see you, and there is nothing to be afraid of. Love each other first!"

His lips touched hers for a moment—those true lips that loved her and she thrilled beneath their touch, but not as she had thrilled beneath the touch of those false lips of the man she was about to see when he had kissed her before them all—on her wedding day.

As she looked into his eyes Olive understood the meaning of that phrase for the first time. Love, this married love, with its perfect confidence and security, each to her.

They went out of the room together.

Outside the bedroom door Dick left her. Olive knocked and went in.

The man who was lying on the bed opened his eyes. They were the eyes of Rupert Heathcote, but if she had seen the eyes closed she would not have known him, he was so changed.

"Olive!" He held out his hand. "I am glad you have come! How I have longed to see you! Dick tells me you never let the letter I wrote you asking forgiveness for having played the fool with life as I have done."

"No; but here you are yourself, better than any letter. And—we are not going to talk of the

"Another sneer at Northbury Park?" snarled Hugh.

"Certainly not. Not even a sneer at Alan Wynne's queer people," retorted Rosalie. Then she flung up her hands. "Oh, dear, we are going to quarrel!" she cried.

"It is not my reason on earth why we should," he said irritably. "I simply ask that you confine the circle of your acquaintances to those who have not earned a very undesirable notoriety."

"It is a shame that you should talk of Alan Wynne like this," she protested. "You know him only by hearsay. He is a friend of mine. He's worth all the Northbury Park men I've met rolled into one."

"Indignation and loyalty to her friend added fire to her enthusiasm."

"What nonsense you are talking!" cried Hugh contemptuously.

"It isn't nonsense. I like Alan Wynne. I don't see why I shouldn't meet him whenever and wherever I like."

"But if I do?"

"Then you must tell me why you do. You must be explicit."

"You have developed a very sudden attachment to this fellow." In his anger Hugh did not attempt to conceal his sneer.

"Please don't be coarse, Hugh," Rosalie commanded.

"Because the reproach was deserved Hugh was the angrier—angrier at himself, angrier at Rosalie."

"Look here, I'm not going to have you meeting Wynne. He raised his voice."

"She made a gesture of impatience."

"My dear Hugh, one would think that I'd been meeting him every day!"

"You appear to value his friendship so highly that that would not seem an unlikely contingency."

"Hugh, what's the matter with you?"

"Simply this. I'm not going to have you knowing Wynne. You are to choose between your loyalty to him and your loyalty to me. You needn't see him again. You met in an omnibus. You asked him to come and see me. He won't take you at your word. He'll wait for another invitation. And so the matter can drop. It isn't as if you had met him again. I'm in earnest, Rosalie."

"But, Hugh—"

Her husband stopped her with a gesture. He took a step forward. His lips trembled. "Rosalie," he said, looking into her eyes, "I have not spoken to you before like this, but it is my nature and I cannot help it. Yes, I am jealous of you, and things cannot continue as they are going on now. It is a case of your husband or this man Wynne."

"Rosalie," he said again, shortly, and in tense tones, "you have got to choose between us."

There will be another fine instalment of this great story to-morrow.

past. We have shut the door on the past and thrown away the key."

"On an impulse she bent and kissed him on the lips."

"That is the symbol of the new life that is before us," she said. "A sign to show you that you are going to be our charge—Dick's and mine. For to Dick you are like a child, and all that Dick loves I love, too."

"Olive, what a brick you are! How lucky Dick is—how lucky!"

"And how twice lucky I am," she smiled.

"You are. Dick's a man in a thousand," Rupert said. "But I'm the luckiest of all—I have you both!"

This is the end. Readers should now turn to page 9 and begin the opening chapters of "Rosalie."

SATURDAY'S FOOTBALL.

THE LEAGUE—Lancashire Section: Burnley (h) 3, Bolton 1; Preston (h) 4, Southport 1; Liverpool (h) 4, Oldham 1; Stockport (h) 2, Manchester City 0; Blackpool 2, Bury (h) 1; Everton 2, Manchester United (h) 3.

THE LEAGUE—Midland Section: Bradford (h) 4, Barnsley 1; Hull (h) 5, Sheffield United 2; Leicester (h) 0, Notts County 0; Nottingham (h) 4, Derby County 0; Sheffield Wednesday (h) 2, Lincoln 2; Rotherham (h) 3, Grimsby 2; Chesterfield (h) 3, Stoke 0; Bradford City 3, Rotherham (h) 1; Leeds 1, Rochdale (h) 0.

LONDON COMBINATION—Croydon (h) 5, Watford 0; W. Ham (h) 4, Brentford 2; Crystal Palace 2, Oldham 1; Reading 1, Chelsea 1; Fulham (h) 4; Millwall 2, Luton (h) 1; Boreham 1, Orient 1; W. Ham 1, W. Ham 1.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE—Clyde (h) 3, Aberdeen 2; Glasgow Rangers (h) 4, Ardronian 0; Kilmarnock (h) 5, Celtic 2; Dunbarton (h) 2, St. Mirren 0; Dundee 1, Falkirk 3; Motherwell (h) 1, Hibernian 1; Raith Rovers 1, 2; Partick 1, Queen's Park 0; Celtic 1, Leamington 1; Hearts of Midlothian (h) 1, Partick Thistle 0; Ayr 3, Hamilton (h) 2.

SOUTH-WESTERN COMBINATION—Plymouth (h) 5, Bristol City 0; Bristol Rovers (h) 0; Swindon Town 0; Cardiff City (h) 4; Southampton 0; St. James' 0; Torquay 0.

RUSSIAN MATCHES—Inns of Court O.P.C. 26 pts. St. Thomas's Hospital 0; A.S.O. (M.T.), Grove O.P.C. 35, Royal Military Academy 0; South Africa 7, New Zealanders 0; Cambridge University 11, Australian XV. 11.

NORTHERN UNION.

LANCASHIRE SECTION—Barrow (h) 5 pts., Salford 5 pts.; Wigan (h) 34, Runcorn 3; Dewsbury 20, Oldham (h) 2; Leigh (h) 8, Broughton 2; Huddersfield 15, Swinton (h) 8.

YORKSHIRE SECTION—Hull (h) 11, St. Helens 11; Bramley (h) 10, Bradford 0; Hunslet (h) 37, York 10; Leeds (h) 30, Halifax 3; Bailly (h) 14, Featherstone 2.

At the Ring on Saturday night Mike Honeyman drew with Duke Lynch in a twenty rounds contest.

Newman beat Brown by 543 in the billiards match of 18000 which concluded on Saturday. Newman is scored 4,000.

Jack Goldwin meets Harry Addison in a fifteen round contest at the Ring this afternoon, and at night Billy Wells (Hermes) and Tom Mack will box twenty rounds at the Nelson Sporting Club. Louis Riddell 3, and Fred Jacks meet in ten rounds; at the Hoxton marine the principal fight is between Joe Gwynne and Harry Jacks, and at New Cross in the evening Johnny Summer faces Kid Harris.

FOLLOWED FATHER.

Youngest Soldier Fighting Is a Jewish Boy from Canada.

The youngest soldier in the British and Colonial Armies is a Jew.

He is Reuben Ginsberg, between thirteen and fourteen, and he has recently been admitted to the Jewish rite of Barmitzva (confirmation) at the Ramsgate Synagogue.

The Jewish Chronicle publishes some details with regard to this youthful hero. Fifteen months ago Reuben's father joined the Canadian Contingent at Montreal.

When the father left for England Reuben determined that he should not go alone. So he saved up a few dollars, took the train to Halifax and contrived to stow himself away on the ship which was taking his father to England.

In mid-ocean the child presented himself and begged so hard to accompany his father that he was enlisted then and there as a trumpeter and regimental mascot.

When Lord Kitchener reviewed the troops on Salisbury Plain previous to their departure for the front, Reuben was brought before him, and after the usual catechism from "K. of K." permission was granted to the child to go to the front.

The boy appears to have made an impression on Lord Kitchener, who was heard to remark to his aide-de-camp, "That's blood for you!"

Reuben at once became the pet of the battery. On a horse and motor-cycle alike he was at home, and he often carried messages.

At length he was wounded by shrapnel at Ypres while riding his motor-cycle.

He was brought to Shorncliffe, and there he was "discovered" by the Jewish assistant-chaplain (the Rev. H. Shandel) when he recently visited the district.

HOTEL SPIES ARRESTED.

GENEVA, March 5.—The police have arrested two German secret service agents, both natives of German-Switzerland, who were discharging the duties of concierges at big hotels.—Central News.

The New Classic Waist Line

The present season's Models have the natural curves of the classic or ideal feminine figure.

This permits a design that fulfils the real functions of a Corset, namely, supporting and moulding the figure, but at the same time, exercises no undue pressure at any point.

Assuming your aim is for fashionable individuality, nothing can be better than



Soft, Light, Pliant, yielding to every movement of the wearer.

When you buy a Warner Rust Proof Corset, you take no risk as to its wearing qualities. Every model is covered by the four-fold guarantee not to RUST, BREAK, or TEAR, or to lose its shape.

If any corset fails in these respects, we will replace it free of charge.

Beautiful Models from 5/11 upwards. BOOKLET ON REQUEST.

Sole Agents for the District:

Wm. Whiteley, Queen's Road, Ltd. London, W.

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

Continued from page 8.
PALLADIUM.—2.30, 6.10 and 9.0. "THE PASSING SHOW" featuring ELLA REPTON, FRED DUPEZ, and other stars.
ERNEST HASTINGS 5 BOMBAYS, etc.
MASKED MEN'S MYSTERY, St. George's Hall, At 3 and 8.
4501 Concorde Year in London. A delightful programme of startling novelties. 1s. to 5s. Children half price.
RUSSIAN EXHIBITION. NOW OPEN.
In aid of Jewish Refugees from Poland in Russia.
CENTRAL HALL, WIMBORNE. LONDON.
March 4 to 18. 11 to 9.30. 1s.

NEWS ITEMS.

Cameroons Prisoners Arrive.

Ten prisoners of war who were released from the Cameroons arrived at Plymouth yesterday, having been imprisoned since August, 1914.

His Last Drop.

Albert Crowhurst, the last of the old-fashioned dly candle makers in Sussex, employed by Messrs. J. Broad and Sons for fifty years, died last week.

Premier's Wounded Son Home.

Lieutenant-Commander Arthur Asquith, son of the Prime Minister, who was wounded in the Dardanelles, arrived in London on Saturday on leave.

Seeks News of Soldier Son.

Mrs. George, Quarry House, Stanmer road, Kingston, Herefordshire, seeks news of her son, Corporal A. George, No. 8847, 1st Welsh Regiment, reported "wounded and missing" since October 2, 1915.

When the King Acted as Stoker.

The King on Saturday insisted with the R.C.B. Vice-Admiral Herbert King Hall, who commanded the Indomitable, on which the King travelled home from Canada and on which he acted as stoker.

ONLY VOLUNTEER BANDS.

The London County Council Parks Committee suggests that no bands shall be employed to give performances in the parks in the summer, but that offers should be entertained from bands willing to perform in return for chair and programme money at 2d. per head.

LINGFIELD RACING RESULTS.

1.0.—Sussex Hurdle. 2m.—Hymn of Hate (100-6, Whitcomb), 1; Averna (100-6). 2. Hill Fox (8-1), 3. 19 ran. 1.45.—Brighton Chase. 2m.—Abakur (8-1), 1; Grey Leg IV (8-2), 2; Top Hole (8-2), 3. 5 ran. 2.5.—Wokingham Hurdle. 2m.—Canute (6-1), Hopper, 1; Sauceron (11-4), 2; Lond (7-5), 3. 12 ran. 2.55.—Marsh Green Chase. 3m.—Covercoat (4-6, Piggett), 1; Svetl (20-1), 2; J. ebon (15-8), 3. 4 ran. 3.5.—Gosstone Hurdle. 2m.—Waterloo (11-2, c. Young), 1; Blue Stone (3-1), 2; My Birthday (7-2), 3. 10 ran. 3.55.—Rowlands Chase. 2m.—Yellow Chat (4-6, Hulme), 1; Durdene (5-2), 2; Prince Edgar (7-1), 3. 4 ran.



Model 2D55.— Suitable for full figures, medium bust, elastic gores in skirt. Double Batiste from skirt downwards. 20 to 36 inches. 12/11 A perfect model.

ALHAMBRA.—AUGUSTUS YORKE and ROBERT LEONARD, GOTTIE MYRTLE, MANNY and ROBERTS, BEATRICE LILLIE, and the Alhambra Girls, THE QUAINS, Imperial Russian Dancers in ARKO. Doors, 8. Matrs, Week and Sat. 2.15. Doors, 2.
HIPPODROME, London.—Tuesday, 2.30, 5.30 p.m. New Revue. JOYLAND. SHIRLEY ELLIOTT, HARRY TATE, VETTA RIANZA, BEITHAM WALLIS, CHARLES BERKELEY, and Super-Beauty Chorus.
PALACE.—"BRIC-A-BRAC" (at 8.35), with GERTIE MILLAR, ARTHUR PLAYFAIR, GWENDOLINE BROGREN, NELSON KEYS, TEDDIE GERARD, A. SIMON, GILBERT, GINA FALEINE. Varieties at 8. MAT, WED, and SAT, at 2.

TURN TO OUR NEW SERIAL ON PAGE 9

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER DAILY PICTURE PAPER

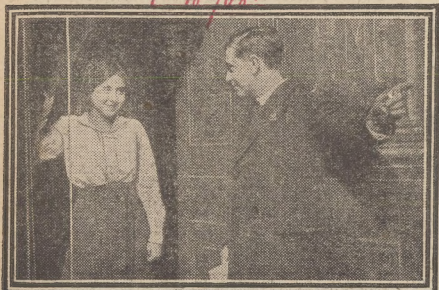
RELICS OF THE GREAT BATTLE FOR VERDUN: THE REMAINS OF A GUN.



Destroyed guns and rifles and trench mortars left on the field of battle. Enormous quantities of shells and ammunition have been used during the fighting, in which our Allies

have shown unsurpassable heroism and skill. The Huns have tried "every devilish expedient" to break their resistance, but without result. Note the shell craters.

LONDON'S GIRL CALL-BOY.



Miss Mary Powell receiving instructions from Mr. Rigold during a rehearsal at the Shaftesbury Theatre.
—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

"ROSALIE"

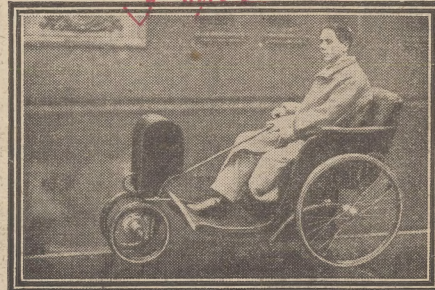


MR. MARK ALLERTON.

Begins To-day on Page 9.

OUR
GREAT
NEW
SERIAL

ELECTRIC INVALID CHAIR.



Wounded soldier in one of the new electrically propelled invalid chairs. They travel five miles an hour at a cost of 2d. for twenty miles.